

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

Heigh-Ho, the holly!. Let us be jolly For a whole day now that Christmas is here: Let music measure nothing but pleasure: Santa Claus comes only once in the year,

Every red berry makes it more merry: See how they shine in the leaves on the vall, Joy is our guest now, give his our best now, Santa Claus comes with enough for as all.

Round the bright ingle let our songs mingle, Never a note but is happy and gay. Let care and sorrow wait for tomorrow, Santa Claus comes with delight for today,

Dear Christ above us, keep us and love us: Bless every child on this day of Thy birth, Thine the glad story: Thine be the glory, Now and forever, in heaven and earth! Amen, Frank Dempster Sherman

NOTES

William Dean Howells, in his new volume of essays, called "Imaginary Interviews," makes one of the imaginary interviews compare the social scene described in Ralpin Pulitzer's "New York Society on Parade" with that of 1853, as satirized in "The potiphar Papers" of George William Curtis. "On the contrary," says this interviewer, in reply to one of Mr. Howells's genial queries, "the folly, the vanity, the meanness, the heartlessness, the vulgarity, have only been condensed and concentrated, if we are to believe Mr. Pulitzer, and I don't see why we should doubt him. Did you say you hadn't seen his very shapely little study? It takes, with all the unpitying sincertity of a kodak, the likeness of our best society in its three most characteristic aspects; full face at dinner, three-quarters face at the opera, and profile at a ball. I should think it would amuse Mr. Pulitzer, imitating nature from his actual observations, to find how essentially his study is the same with that of Mr. Curtis imitating nature 57 years ago." same with that of Mr. Curtis imitating nature 57 years ago."

There is in the best of Poe's brief There is in the best of Poes oriet tales a constructive skill, a command of design, and a gift of derocation, rare in any literature and almost unknown in English, which is ever unduly negligent of form. And no one need wonder that Poe's short stories wandered swiftly out of our language into French and Italian and Spanish, into Carman and Seandinavian and into German and Scandinavian and Bohemia, into strange tongues where no other American author, except Fenimore Cooper, had ever before penetrated. His weird psychologic studies have influenced later writers as unlike as Maupassant and Richepin, Fitzjames, O'Brien, Robert Louis Stevens, and Rudyard Kipling. His tales of a mystery solved at last by observation and deduction have been imitated by Dumas and Sardou, by Gaboriau and Boisgobey, by Wilkie Collins and Conan Doyle, Anr Sherlock Holmes, the only fictitious character to win international into German and Scandinavian and fictitious character to win international recognition in the final years of the nineteenth century, is the reincarnation of a figure first projected by Poe.

Father Robert Hugh Benson, besides writing one or two works on the theo-logical subjects, this autumn, has in the press a new novel, to which he gives the title "None Other Gods." The scene is Yorkshire, and it deals with the fortunes of a Cambridge graduate who leaves the university to plunge into the slums of London.

Though Mr. Vedder in his "The Dis gressions of wide acquaintance with famous peop in all walks of life, one cannot read his book without a clearer and more fa-miliar view of Walt Whitman, Char-Cushman, Ole lotte Cushman, Ole Bull, Artemu Ward, Bayard Taylor, W. H. Rinehart John La Farge, Walter Savage Landor

and many others.
He describes as follows an interview which he and William Hunt—the well known artist—had with Ralph Waldo Emerson at Concord:
"Circumstances concurring, Hunt and

made a pilgrimage to Concord. had heard previously of a remark of Emerson to the effect that 'Nature being the same on the banks of the Ken-nebec as on the banks of the Tiberwhy go to Europe?' We, having been to Europe, could not reconcile ourselves to this dictum—in fact were quite riled about it, and determined that if either of us had the opportunity he should have it out with Emerson.

"Now, when you saw Emerson, you saw Alcott; but when you saw Alcott, you did not necessarily see Emerson Be that as it may- Emerson fell to my ot. I will not describe him—he was ill that was most sweet and gracious so was L

"I said: 'Mr. Emerson, I think there a great difference between the liter-man and the artist in regard to prope. Nature is the same every-Europe. where, but literature and art are na ture seen through other eyes, and a literary man in Patagonia without books to consult would be at a great disadvantage. Here he has all essential in the way of books; but to the artist, whose books are pictures, this land is Patagonia. And so it was at that time.) I continued: Take from your shelves your Bible, Plato, Shakespeare, Dante, Bacon, Montaigne, etc. make it so that you could not con-them without going to Europe, and I think it would soon be-Europe!' Could impudence go further

I was very young.

"'Yes, yes,' said he, 'that is certainly an aspect of the question which should be taken into consideration.'"

Mark Twain was once a publisher and the sum he paid in royalties on a single book was a record in its day William Dean Howells tells something of the matter in his recently published book of reminiscences called. "My Mark Twain." The book was Gen. Grant's "Memoirs." Mr. Howells writes: "It "Memoirs," Mr. Howells writes: "It was his proud joy to tell how he found Grant about to sign a contract for his book on certainly very good terms, and said to him that he would himself pub lish the book and give him a percent age three times as large. He said Grant seemed to doubt whether he could honorably withdraw from the negotiation at that point, but Clemens overbore his scruples, and it was his unparalleled privilege, his princely paid to an author before."

Frederic S. Isham, author of The Social Bucaneer, was as is generally known, once a newspaper man. One of the novelist's early exploits is yot remembered by some of the press fra ternity of Michigan. The occasion was the big Saginaw fire, when over half the city went up in smoke. Through managerial remissness Mr. Isham was to write up the affair reportorial competitors had

ning; he had to start his copy on the wire before midnight for the state edition of the morning paper he served. The task appeared hopeless; how could one man in an hour or two, "cover" that vast burned district? His rivals for the opposition morning sheet had been busy as bees all day. A sudden inspiration sent the novelist post-haste to the office of the one little country newspaper not burned; the editor was a friend; he put at the disposal of the author a page of printed "proof"—facts, details, a glorious array! In high glee Mr. Isham jammed the proofs in his pocket called a carriage and drove about the burned district. Half an hour so devoted gave him the "atmosphere" of the occasion and borrowing a pair of shears, and a paste-pot from the friendly editor, he hastened to the railroad station. The hastened to the railroad station. The telegraph office had been destroyed. hastened to the railroad station. The telegraph office had been destroyed. At the station, he gave out the story page by page to the operator. The country paper's facts were illumined with vivid interlineations and descriptions, and so defly touched here and there, it would have puzzled an expert to have recognized the original country newspaper report with the one Mr. Isham sent in to his own paper, His ingenuity served; it was as if he had had a dozen men working for him all day. Not only that, but his copy "held the wire;" his two competitors came in with bundles of hot stuff, only to be forced to wait. Their story didn't even get in the state edition of their paper, The next day Mr. Isham had about a page of cleancut material in his sheet and was re-

cut material in his sheet and was re-garded among the boys as having achieved something really worth while. As a newspaper man, as well as novelist, his motto has always been Get there!' Harper & Brothers are reprinting this week the following books recently published by them: "The Heritage of the Desert," a novel by Zane Grey; "Imagination in Business," by Lorin F. Deland; "The American Revolution," by Claude Halstead Van Tyne, Ph. D., in the American Nation series.

BOOKS

One of the most beautiful of the season's art books is the volume recently inished by Alfred Lamourne "the Cross:" Holly and Easter Lillies" a collection of opens dedicated to the author's late wife, and containing in all nearly 60 of the separate verses. The book is divided into parts, or periods, noting a distinct change of thought, the sadness of death, the Eastern emblem, the holly, and over all the Cross, typified throughout. The themes comprise the passing of beauty in art, departure of the gods, and of the philosophies of men, ending in the truminh of the Christ above all. One of the most beautiful of the sea he triumiph of the Christ above all.

The might of loving, Christ revealeth May we the lession in its fullness

Oh, falsely speaks that tongue and slanderous, That both to menace thy sweet

preachments turn.
From out the clap and mire thou lif-Thou mak'st us to feel within our

breasts the Good; Yea, all unseen Thou com'st with us we feel the joy of noble brotherhood

No; not that we are only lost and wile— We feel a virtue on our foreheads

Seared; Within our hearts a strength that is A will that bids us not bas baseness

yeild: Our lives and thoughts, O may they not revile The Christmas Holly, Lillies of the

Binding, paper and print are among Binding, paper and print are among the choicest that could be obtained. The paper a Jananese weave, was ordered expressly for the parpose by the author, and so with the type. The binding a beautiful design in white and gold is one of the many evidences of the infinite care and attention paid to the general tone of the book. The

and gold is one of the many evidences of the infinite care and attention paid to the general tone of the book. The front page contains a portrait of Mrs. Lambourne, from a bronze bust made by M. M. Young, and the initials and designs separating the periods of the book are all exquisitely artistic, the work of Henry Jerome Stutterd, who occupies the chair of art at Berkely university, California.

The volume is unique in the fact that only one hundred copies are in exiscence, and that no more can be published, as the type has been destroyed. None of the books are for sale, but are distributed as gifts by the author among such friends as are calculated to appreciate the production. Many other unique and interesting features are connected with the book, showing the spirit with which the author has gone about this loving and beautiful tribute to the memory of his loved and lost.

Another addition to home literature Another addition to home literature is the new book by Miss Elizabeth Cannon entitled, "Cities of the Sun," just issued by The Deseret News Publishing company. It deals chiefly with Mexico and her peoples and contains interesting details of the flora of the country, together with descriptions of the cities visited by Miss Cannon during her stay there, and also comparaing her stay there, and also comparaconnection with that contained in the Book of Mormon, which make it par-ticularly a volume of interest to local ers. From all standpoints the book most appropriate and attractive gift book for the season.

Local literary talent has been ex emplified in the edition of a number of spoks by home authors, recently issued from the press, among them a volum of poems by Dr. Ellis R. Shipp who es have for many years appeared in local publications. There are thoughts and emotions varying from grave to gay in its pages, all express own imagery and done with in the poet's own imagery and done with mingled skill and care. Through them all, is the evidence, of a deep religious sentiment and love for humanity,

A Legacy for "Little Nell"



CHARLES DICKENS AS A YOUTH.

HARLES DICKENS was born on Feb. 7, 1812. He died fifty-eight years later, in the midst of his toonstruction of literary masterpieces work, and, as is the way with most of us mortals when we near the end, he considered that work woefully unfinished. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which he was writing in 1870, was left an aimless fragment. The undertakings of reform and education among the London poor, which had oc-cupied his mind and heart, seemed to be no nearer their realization than eyer. And, most poignant to the kindy, home-loving gentleman, the com-ortable fortune which he had planned o leave to his children, had not maerialized.

terialized.

Now, as the year of grace 1912 approaches, admirers of the man who loved his fellows are casting about for ways to commemorate the centennial of his birth. And if such plans as have been suggested are carried out that unfinished work which Charles Dickens mourned will, in a measure at least, be completed.

Dickens mourned will, in a measure at least, be completed.

First, and perhaps most widely ac-cepted among the suggestions for a tribute is an undertaking of such magnitude that its full realization may magnitude that its full realization may well be considered more or less doubtful. Recently, in London, it was urged that a monumental edition of Dickens' works to be subscribed for widely throughout the world, would form the most impressive memorial to mark the centenary. To this a group of New York literateurs and reviewers have objected strenuously.

A second plan for the memorializing

that should give him an esthetic fame but a humanitarian whose heart was as big and all-embracing in its way as that of our Abraham Lincoln: who saw the injustices of English civilization to its under dog and was obsessed by a desire to make things right.

desire to make things right.
On July 6, 1909, a "white paper" was issued by the British government granting a civil pension of \$2.50 a week each to four of the surviving grand-daughters of Charles Dickens. The official document stated that this action was taken "in recognition of the literary eminence of their grandfather and in consideration of their straitened cir-

umstances."
A storm of criticism was aroused by A storm of criticism was aloused by the government's action. Such a pit-tance, it was said, was worse than no recognition at all. But the pension stands and is still being issued, and the reference to the ladies' strathened circumstances has within the last few weeks brought public sentiment to a fo-cus that has evolved an ingenious plan for repaying, in a measure, the debt which American readers owe to the estate of the great student of human

That the debt is due is a fact pretty That the debt is due is a fact prefty generally recognized. When Dickens wrote, the copyright laws had little effect in protecting an author's financial returns, and the international copyright law had virtually no existence. Almost without exception the editions of Dickens's works published in America have been pirated, and hardly a penny has found its way to the purse of the Dickens family from the thousands of copies of his novels which have delighted their hundreds of thousands of American readers.

To return a little of this "conscience money" it is proposed now that a special centenary stamp be issued in 1912, a stamp to be affixed, as far as possible, to each volume of Dickens's novels Almost without exception the

objected strenuously.

A second plan for the memorializing of the Dickens centenary is more to the Dickens centenary is more to the point, more easy of accomplishment, and in a way is unique among projects of its kind. This has to do with the realization of the remaining task left uncompleted by the novelistigiving his family a competence.

If those who have left us ever delve into the affairs that used to concern them, Charles Dickens must look kindly on this project. Caustic critics with stony hearts have called his novels melodramatic claptrap. Doubts have been expressed as to his immortality in English literature. But little by little,

pages. Mrs. Shipp's character of inerent unrightness tenderness kindliness is pictured in each line, and are in themselves a tribute to her own poetry of nature. The book is, besides. done in exquisite style, the binding in white and gold, and the cover having with sails of golden rope, which below also entwine a ship riding life's sea. The paper and type are both good, and the book a most delightful offering as a Christmas gift.

"The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words," Just published by Houghton Mifflin company. In the endless flood of Napoleonic literature this book is unique and it is believed epoch-making. All his life long, the great emperor expressed himself freely and copiously in letters, speeches, notes, etc., etc., but never before have these revelations, which constitute a virtual autobiography, been brought to-gether in compact and coherent form absolutely and entirely in his own words tells the story of his life and career from birth to death with most extraordinary vividness and frankness, both as concerns his military camnaigns and public affairs and the more ntimate details of his domestic life biographic and psychologic interest. Ir its revealing quality it is comparable to the "Confessions of St. Augustine and Rousseau," the "Diary of Pepys," the "Autobiography of Franklin," Yet it is perhaps even more interesting than these, just as the diarist is him self a figure of a more worldwide in-terest. Prof. Johnston, who is one of the leading Napoleon specialists of the time, has has rendered it in idio matic and picturesque English, with a very close fidelity to the original French. He is the author of "Na-poleon," "The Napoleonic Empire In Southern Italy," "The French Revolu-

Houghton Mifflin Co., have just published a book by Henry James For-man, entitled "In the Footprints of Heine," with 10 full page illusrations by Frank King Stone, A mingled flavor of life and letters, of way-side adventurfe and poetic inspiration gives to this story of a walking trip through the Harz forest that flavor which in such books as Irving's "Sketch Book," Heine's "Harz Reise," and Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," has never failed to give a permanent pleasure. Mr. Forman's walk-ing trip was an interesting one, and he has reproduced it for the reader very vividly, not the least of its attractions being the introduction of a German girl he met on his travels. The book will make one of the most attractive travel books of the fall season. Mr. Forman, who is a graduate of Harvard. was for some time a member of the staff of the New York Sun, serving as special correspondent attached to President Roosevelt during the Russo Japan peace conference. More recent

ly he has been successively literary editor of Appleton's Magazine, political editor of the Literary Digest, and as-sociate editor and general manager of the North American Review. "Wolf, the Storm Leader," is the title of a stirring tale of the northwest

which show themselves in a dozen poems, while precept, proverb and messages of human interest and personal love are scattered throughout the cam of dogs. These are also veritable haracters in the story which from peginning to end is replete with inci ents and facts of thrilling interest to tions, the cover, print and general tents making it an excellent gift book

"The Farm Book." A picture book for children (large and small) full of action, strong in drawing, beautiful in olor. A portrayal of real life on a me attractive farm. As interesting to chil dren as the best of modern nature books are to adults. To the city child, foretaste of anticipated joy in mysterious country. To the country child, a charming ideal of what his own ountry life, and a successful effort in combating pernicious pictures and lit-erature by providing something quite providing is clever and entertaining and at the

ame time thoroughly wholesome.
This book is not in any way like a study book aiming chiefly to instruct. Its first and essential purpose is to amuse and interest children; and this with its delightful colored pictures and rightly-written text, it is well qual-

However, it has other purposes too, and among them are the following: I. To arouse interest in the work of that most necessary citizen, the farm-er, and to present him as attractively

as he deserves. To show children in crowded the processes by which their necessities and comforts come to them.

3. To make children as a whole feel he dignity of useful work. 4. To represent ideal relations be-

tween grown people and children,— Houghton Mifflin Co. "Scottie and His Lady"-this spirited, entertaining story of the career of a collie begins in a kennel where "Scottie's" only comrades are dogs,

instead of affection. Later, when his powers of devotion and responsibility are developed by his love for his mistress—a charming young girl, whose romance makes a delightful background for the storyhe has a multitude of adventures.

During a period of wandering, which is the result of a capture by dog thives and an escape, he learns the ways of

the world, finding that some persons ere cruel, others kind and the majority friends for him in various walks of life. A warm-hearted Irish family, a kind doctor, a young newsboy and his invalid sister all share in his adven-tures and final restoration to his mis-

The aim of the book-if so gay and ively a story can be said to have a serious aim-is to teach man to inspire confidence, not fear, in his faithful riend the dog; and do for the dog "Black Beauty" did for the

"The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," a new collection, edited by his biographer, Elizabeth Bisland.—Certainly no one ever so completely re-vealed himself in a correspondence as did Lafcadio Hearn. It is one of the

quaintest pranks of that incorrigible jester, fate, that this intimate portrait should have unwittingly been drawn with his own pen. Nothing could have been further from his intention. And it is the fact that this revelation is so wholly unpremeditated which gives his letters one of their greatest charms. Hearn's shyness was extreme. His life, from his nineteenth year, was a sojourn in foreign lands. He never mustered Japanese sufficiently to express his thoughts freely and completely in the language of his wife and children. Intimate communication, menchildren. Intimate communication, mental companionship could be had only by betters. Through this medium only could be find an adequate outlet for the flood of his emotions, observations, and reflections. These newly discovered letters were written to those of his correspondents with whom he had the greatest sympathy—men and women who had that fine mental hospitality capable of welcoming with warm pleas captible of welcoming with warm pleas-ure tenefs at times foreign to their own leanings. In them is shown perhaps better than anywhere else the wide range of his mental excursions, his in-satiable mental curiosity, and the grailrange of his mental excursions, his insatiable mental curiosity, and the gral-ual deepening and purifying with time of the graver aspects of his thought. Also, they demonstrate how inexhaustible to this "literary monk" was the delight and inspiration of intimate friendship. For one who wrote with such conscious labor, such almost agolized care, the number and richness of his letters is the more surprising. After a day of teaching, or many hours of drudgery at uncongenial journalism, he would bend himself to further long hours of intense toil at creative work, and at the end of all throw off, page after page to some friend. These letters describe his travels, retail the touching or amusing incidents of the life about him, or discuss the books recently read; they analyze the condition of public affairs (some of his political predictions have been curiously tical predictions have been curiously verified), the trend of education, the characters of his associates, little vig-nettes of men he had known sketched in a few lines of subtle and conclusive portraiture. Reminiscence of past im-pressions and experiences, philosophic speculation, daring psychological con-jecture were poured out according to his mood without stint or haste—as only his shood without stint or haste- as only the born letter-writer can find the en-erby to do. Elizabeth Bisland, the editor of this series, is widely known as the author of several unusual books of travel and belies-lettres. She enjoyed Hearn's friendship for nearly 30 years and is his authorized biographer (Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn, 1966). She has furnished an introduction containing a brilliant study of Hearn as letter-writer and some interesting new facts about his life.—Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Girl I Loved," by James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.—Although Mr. Riley has written a considerable number of poems in "literary" English, it is as a dialect poet that he has come nearest to the hearts of his readers. The fidelity of his lines to the speech of Hoosier country-folk has long been recognized as practically perfect, while his fidelity to the spirit of their thoughts and feelings is that of the master interpreter. A love-poem in dialect gives Mr. Riley at his best. To the workings of the human heart under the influence of love Mr. Riley has always possessed an open sesame, and when the heart is the of the proper in the hearts in the poems. ways possessed an open sesame, and when the heart is that of a rugged, hon-est farmer his sympathy overflows in the picturesque, homely phrases of the back-country districts. Such a farmer it is who, in "The Girl I Loved," tells the simple story of his life, but tells it with such a natural dramatic gift and such a clever beguiling of the reader to such a clever begulling of the reader to the very end that we follow it absorbed. "The Girl I Loved" is a complete love novel, a whole play, in 20 stanzas. Yet we see the plain, happy, prosperous narrator both as he is now and when he and Mary were mere "chunks o' shav-ers," we see blushing, gentle Mary con-flding her love for another man to him in a burst of sisterly confidence, and we realize the "moore happiness," of the in a burst of sisterly confidence, and we realize the "puore happiness" of the denouement as keenly as if many pages had been devoted to their description. As a combination of scentiment and hu-mor in poetic dress "The Girl I Loved" is not excelled. The cover design and tinted drawings by Howard Chandler Christy, and the marginal decorations by Margaret Anderson have made the book as as delightful to look at as it is ook as delightful to look at as it is

"The Live Dolls' Party Days," by Josephine Scribner Gates, author of "The Story of Live Dolls." Illustrated by Virginia Keep. The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.—Every little girl who loves dolls-and only Goony little girls do not-will be glad to learn a brand new scheme for their enter-tainment and for that of the small reader. Through the kindness of the "Queen of Live Dolls" a series of parties is arranged, one for each month of the year and each delightfully adapted to the season in which It falls. There is a snow-man party for January, a valentine party for February, a kite party for March, an April-feel one, of course, for April, a May-day dance next, then in June an old-fashioned entertainment, a patriotic celebration for July, a flower-doll party for August, a corn-roast for September, Hallowe'er for October and-but no lover of tur key and Santa Claus needs to be told what kind of parties were given in No-vember and December. The parties are planned to cheer up some poor little children who with their mothers and fathers have just come into the neighborhood. They are so much fun that every little girl who is Invited—and this means every one who reads the story—is sure to say at the end, without any grown-up's prompting, "I've had a lovely time." In each in-"I've had a lovely time." In each in-stance there is a happy mingling of traditional good times and of some nev invention which is kept a secret up to the last minute. The wind is guest of honor at the kite party and at the "Thankful Party" in November the pet turkey gobblers whose owners did not want them to be killed are invited, each wearing a red ribbon bow whole tone of the story is, like its pre decessors, sprightly, and children find abundant entertainment in it.

"Dick Randall," by Ellery H. Clark Illustrated by Walter Biggs. T Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis. is surely a story that boys It is crammed full of athlet like. It is crammed full of athletics, of high jumps and sprints and all the other feats of skill, sctrength and endurance that are performed on track and field. Dick Randall, the young hero, a new student at the Fenton academy, is a thoroughly healthy, frank boyish boy who should win friends outside the pages of the story as quickly and certain as he does within them, Interest in the plot is wholly centered on a spring meet in which join not only the Penton athletes but the boys from two associated academies nearby, and to this event the plot works steadily and surely. The master of the school and the several boys who have speaking parts are well presented, and the boy reader will have no difficulty in finding where his sympathies should lie. He can't help liking both Dick and his best chum, Allen, and he is sure to agree with them that the master of the academy—who is as jolly as a boy himself, and an ex-athlete—is a trump. The plot is simple but it is sufficient as, after all, the story's real appeal will lie in its successive descriptions of athletic contests, culminating in the important spring meet, which is as spirited as any lover of athletics could wish.

Mr. Clark has written the story very simply and clearly; he has given it an emphatically healthy tone, with due distinction between the amateur and professional sports and entire emphasis on the former. Strange to say, les-sons have their inning, too, at this academy, and Dick is in no danger of thinking that life is one grand trackLEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS



TWO SALT LAKE BELLES OF 25 YEARS AGO.

This picture of Nettie Young Easten (left) and Birdie Clawson Wells (right) will recall to many, a pair of devoted friends who adorned their social circle and the amateur dramatic stage in the eighties. Mrs. Easton (now in New York, where her "Janet" letters have made her well known to readers of The News) is the daughter of President Brigham Young. Mrs. Wells, who died some years ago, was the daughter of Bishop Clawson and Mrs. M. G. Clawson, whose dramatic experiences are fully described on another page of The Christmas News. Both the girls had a decided leaning to the stage, and both appeared with the Home Dramatic club, Mrs. Wells becoming an active member of the organization. She inherited much of her father and mother's talent, and her sprightly rendition of such roles as Rosa Leigh in "Rosedale," and Maria in "Confusion" are charming memories to her old friends and associates

meet. But naturally it is in Dlck's athletic triumphs that the readers of the book will be most interested and Mr. Clark has not disappointed them. How the prize shield was won and the honor of the academy maintained makes a truly thrilling story.

Riley Songs of Home, By James Whiteomb Riley, Illustrated by Will Vawter, Uniform with Riley Child-Rhymes, The Bobbs-Merrill company, Vawter. Uniform with Riley Child-Rhymes, The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis. No poet in our language is richer in the milk of human kindness than is James Whitcomb Riley. The new collection of his poems known as Songs of Home is particularly illustrative of this trait, so much so that one is tempted to push the figure farther and to speak of the poems in this book as representing the very cream of family love and fellowship, thick country cream of the pastured rather than the pasteurized variety. "Home" is a great word, and no one has sounded it more deeply or sung its beautiful meaning more worthily than has Mr. Riley. In this book the reader finds over half a hundred of this poet's happlest, most characteristic songs, songs of the soil and the sky and of the plain people living between the two in farm and village. There are songs about "homefolks" and "cheery words" and friendship and trundle-beds and courage and patience, the practical things of everyday lives and the simple virtues that ship and trundle-beds and courage and patience, the practical things of everyday lives and the simple virtues that make these lives beautiful. Not all of the poems are in dialect. Indeed, a goodly number are not, reminding us of how much and how well Mr. Riley has written ouside the speech of his native Hoosierdom, Of these there are a half-dozen at least of such high beauty that they must be mentioned individually: "Her Beauti-

mentioned individually: "Her Beauti-ful Hands," "Who Bides His Time," "We Mist Get Home," "Our kind of a Man," "The Old Days" and "Reach Your Hand to Me." Personal prefer Your Hand to Me." Personal preter ence will doubtless make varying choices among the rest, but the appeal of these must be to all irresistible Songs of Home, with pictures by Wil Vawter, is uniform with the Green field edition of the poet's work.

The Century Edition of the Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart With many illustrations in color by Howard Chandler Christy, The Bobbs Merrill company, Indianapolis, The bold simplicity, the strong, pictur-esque coloring, the easy flow of measa particularly wide, popular audience, Other poets as great—perhaps greater than he—have falled to charm the ear of the thousands as he has done, the ear of high and low alike. Of the longer poems The Lady of the Lake is easily the most loved for the exceptional beauty and romance of its subject, its spirited power of narrative and the loveliness of the songs included in the longer range of the successive cantos. This poem has always been particularly pri ed—in the ploneer days of books and those few much cherished, it often found a place on a particularly wide, popular audience cherished, it often found a place or the cupboard shelf beside Shake-speare's plays, the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. It is Indeed a storehouse of beauty. No poem is more melodious in measure or more enchanting in the scenes it depicts. A glamor born of rough crags and of purple mists, of plaid and tartan and bonnet and pibroch, takes us captive from moment when, the preliminary st addressed to the ancient "Harp of the North" concluded, the romance itself begins in the incomparable lines. The stag at eve had drunk his fill. Where danced the moon in Monan's

And deep his midnight lair had made And deep his midnight fair mad made in lone Glencartney's hazel shade. On reading it in the handsome dress in which it appears from the Bobbs-Merrill company one feels afresh how meet a nurse indeed for at last one poetic child was the home-heath of Walter Scott, his "Caledonia, stern and wild." The new edition of this old consistency against a grant expension of modern the eye the beauty of the scenes which

the stanzas describe. Scribner Gates, author of the Live Doll Books, Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory. Books, Hustrated by Famy The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indian-apolis. It is as the creator of live dolls that Mrs. Josephine Scribner Gates has some to be known best to the world little girl readers. But this time sl httle girl readers. But this time shas given them something even better, Better than live dolls? we can hear them exclaim incredulously. Yes, as much better as live dolls are better than the ordinary stuffed-with-sawdust kind. This time Mrs. Gates tells of a deer little girl whose name tells of a dear little girl whose name Annie and who is so merry is Annie and who is so merry and bright all the time, despite the fact that she is an orphan, that her adopt-ed mother is poor and that she has to work hard all the long day in a great dry-goods store, that she is known to

every one as Sunshine Annie. This little girl, so unselfish, so tender-hearted, so loyable and so radiatingly little girl, so unselfish, so tenderhearted, so lovable and so radiatingly
harpy, is the lief of the orphan asylum
which is her first home, of her department in the great store, of her adopted mother's home and of the home of
the fashionable young lady whose
nature she changes. The story of
Annie's experience as a missionary of
happiness is built about the popular
poem by James Whitcomb Riley,
"Little Orphant Annie," which is
made to fit the career of this small
heroine very snugly, Annie's sympathy for the cheap, homely dolls on
her shelves and her anxiety to have
them find homes where they will be
lovingly cared for, is pretty and endearing. Sunshine Annie is a real and
most delightful addition to the favorite
characters in Story-book Land; to
known her is to love her and to be the
better for it. With its pietures in
color by Fanny Y. Cory the book is
especially attractive. especially attractive

"The Road to Providence," by Maria "The Road to Providence," by Maria. Thompson Daviess, author of "Miss Selina Lue," Illustrated by W. B. King. The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis—Now and then there appears a story with a title so wholly charming that the reader is captivated before he oven pones it. "The Pend to before he even opens it. "The Road to Providence"—who does not want to travei it, and dallying between its pleasant borders forget for a space of lurid sensations of the detective mystery and the soul harrowings of prob-lem plots? It may be said briefly, at the start, and without exaggeration, that Miss Daviess's new book is just as good as its name, wholesome, sweet with human kindness, juicy with hum-orous philosophy. Mother Mayberry, its chief character, is own cousin to Miss Selina Lue, who, with her soap-box babies, made such a host of friends when she appeared on the pages of the author's previous story last year. As Miss Selina Lue was guardian of tho entire river Bluff, so Mother Mayberry looks after Providence and its vicinity. A Tennessee country doctor's wife, the mother of a distinguished physician, she herself is equal to curing any allment from teething to tisic. Large, ras diating, capable, she "lives by the side of the road," and is a friend to every man, woman and child who comes along it. Cherr, clothes, cake, roses, whatever is needed, she gives with free hand and warm heart. Naturally ing kin to Miss Selina Lue, Mother Mayberry is inclined not only to mothering but to epigrams. When she speaks, the milk is in the coconnut every time. "Wondering how Eve stood stood things muster took Adam's mine offen himself to a very comfortable de

But sentiment, plety, worldly wisdom, But sentiment, piety, worldly wisdom, humor, practicality and coquetry are all blended in Mother Mayberry, and surprising as it may seem, they all mix thoroughly, with the result that life seen through the compound is a beautiful, dignified, useful, serious, happy affair, Dr. Tom Mayberry, who has been fair, Dr. Tom Mayberry, who has been fair. Dr. Tom Mayberry, who has been away from home, is commissioned by the government to study the causes of pellagra among the people there, and he himself has confided to his mother's ninistrations a beautiful young singe who lost her voice and has or treatment. Along with her other accomplishments Mother Mayberry is a skilled match-maker, and guided by her shrewd, unsuspected management pretty romance springs up between the

MAGAZINES

The year 1910 has been a very successful one for the Young Woman's Journal. The number of pages in volume XXI has far exceeded the number of pages in any previous volume and the December issue was probably the best number of the magazine which has come from the press. It is expect-ed that volume XXII will far surpass ed that volume XXII will far surpass all its predecessors. In addition to the well known writers who have con-tributed to its pages in the past some new ones will be added. Women and their work will receive special atten-tion. A series of articles on "Our Debt to Philosophy," by Willard Done, will be of great interest. Levi Edgar Young will contribute some timely and scholwill contribute some timely and schol arly articles, stories by Joseph Spencer, Kate Thomas, Ethel M. C nelly, Stella Marber Hoggan, Elsie Carroll and other well known writers of fiction will brighten the volume, and some good poems will appear. Hustra-tions by some of our leading artists will attract those who love and understand art. Leading physicians will contribute helpful suggestions and excellent religious articles from promi-nent churchmen will appear in vari-ous issues. The guide department and ous issues. The guide department and officers' notes will make the magazine indispensable to Mutual officers and workers. The Religion class page be a great help to those interested will contain helpful information: Domestic Science, Natty Notions for Girls.